

February 1, 2025

A House that sat just Sow off the Road

In a quiet town where the whispers flow,

There stood a house, just off the road.

Its paint was faded, its windows dim,

A silent sentinel, sturdy and grim.

The path to its door was overgrown,

With weeds and flowers, nature's throne.

The porch creaked softly in the breeze,

A lullaby sung by ancient trees.

Once, it was filled with laughter and light,

Echoes of joy in the dead of night.

Children's footsteps, a mother's call,

Memories etched on each weathered wall.

But time, relentless, marched on by,

Leaving the house to the open sky.

Its rooms grew silent, its halls grew cold,

A story of life, quietly told.

Yet, in its stillness, there was grace,

A timeless beauty in its place.

For though it stood alone and worn,

It held the dreams of those once born.

So if you pass by, take a moment to see,

The house that sits so quietly.

For in its walls, a tale is spun,

Of lives once lived, and dreams begun.